THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 227.)

LETTER XI.

My dear E——,

IT was dark, when we entered our inn, and as it was a spacious and well-fashioned house, it had the air of a palace; our apartments too seemed to unite every thing we could wish; a French publick house looks always best at candle-light, and it is never until the next day that the great and universal fault of uncleanliness begins to appear; a well-furnished table, a good bed, handsome curtains, and a civil reception are frequently found connected with circumstances, which ought, one would suppose, to be as far from such luxury, as the manners of the most polished society are from the filth of a Hottentot. I rose early next morning, and passed through narrower streets than I had expected, to the Esplanade, a publick walk, whence a highly cultivated, most beautiful, and thickly inhabited country appeared, and then to the place de Peyron, a square projecting from the inclosure of the town on an elevated spot, and commanding, in addition to all that I have mentioned, a distant prospect of the Alps on one side, of the Pyrenees on the other, and of the Mediterranean below me. Of these three great objects, the sea attracted my attention most forcibly. The states and empires which have existed at various times upon its shores glanced across my imagination, as I reflected for a moment upon the bloody contests which have taken place, and of the hostile fleets that had floated upon its surface, from the triumph of Duilius, to the victory of Lord Nelson: the sea was attractive also, as a scene familiar to my mind, and as affording the means of communication with my native country.

Having looked about, for some time, I had next the leisure to admire a receptacle for water, which is

brought there for the use of the town, by an acqueduct from a distance; it is, in appearance, a handsome marble temple, such as the zeal of an opulent and pious heathen, might have erected, in former times, to the tutelary deity of the stream, which furnished water to his native city; and as if my attention had not been sufficiently excited, I beheld, at a distance, those mountains of the Cevennes, so distinguished for the religious war, which originated there in the reign of Louis the XIV, and which contributed so much to people the wilds of South Carolina. We had the pleasure to find a second letter here from F——, he seemed well and cheerful: we had reason indeed to be satisfied with all the accounts we had received of him upon the road; he had been remarked at every house he stopt at, for something singular in his dress, or from his speaking very little French, and we were universally told, that the English boy we inquired after, seemed amused, and that every body was very kind to him.

Passing rapidly along and staying but a day or two at most in the largest towns, I should only have to borrow from books, if I were to pretend to enter into a minute description of persons, places, and manners. I can only tell you, therefore, of what we saw. Montpellier is an ancient city but long posterior to the times of the Romans; it had never, therefore, any antiquities to boast of, but it has been distinguished for carrying on an extensive trade, ever since the days of Jacques Cœur, who was so ill rewarded for his services to Charles VII, to the period of the Revolution, and being placed in a mild climate, and known as the residence of several distinguished physicians, was almost proverbially the retreat of consumptive people. It was to Montpellier that the celebrated Dr. Young repaired with his daughter when in the hour of sickness and decay he bore her, as he says, nearer to the sun: in the botanick garden we were shown a spot, near which, as tradition says, she was buried:— it was at the upper end of the garden, and amidst a cluster of cypresses that the unhappy father carried his lifeless daughter in his arms, and committed her to the earth: the gardener, who was alive not many years ago, mentioned the fact, and showed the place to a person, whose testimony may be relied on. Figure to yourself a poet of Young's extreme sensibility, himself the bearer, himself officiating as clergyman, on this last, most solemn, most affecting of all occasions! Had his life been protracted to a subsequent period, the delicacy of his affection would have received an additional wound, for the rage of innovation, which during some time bewitched all France, extended its destructive effects even to this solitary spot; the trees of the grove have been destroyed, a part of the earth removed, and the remains of poor Narcissa have been disturbed: one may conceive, I think, what a burst of pious indignation his melancholy Muse would have drawn from the priest, the father, the protestant, and the poet.

POLITE LITERATURE.

In political compositions men have been generally more studious of vehemence and strength than of amenity, grace, and splendour. Bolingbroke and Junius always excepted, most writers, who have chosen to inveigh against their political enemies, have adopted a style of a coarse texture. But it is not generally known, that even Junius has been followed by a writer, who to fertility of allusion and pungency of period adds much of Addison's and Goldsmith's suavity. The publisher, in a brief advertisement prefixed to the work, apprises us, that "about the commencement of the year 1790, a Newspaper was establised at Edinburgh, under the title of THE EDINBURGH HERALD, which was honoured, not only with the patronage and approbation of many persons of the highest rank, but by the occasional assistance of some of the most celebrated literary men in that part of the kingdom. Among the valuable communications that have been made to the readers

of that paper are the Letters now presented to the publick. They have been so much admired in Scotland, and so much talked of in the political circles of London, where The Edinburgh Herald is not unknown, that an edition of them separately seemed to be generally expected. The authour, like Junius, has chosen to conceal himself, and has even left the publishers uncertain whether his residence is in the Metropolis of South or of North Britain. Whatever are his motives for this concealment, they are not those of Junius; and this, perhaps, is the only circumstance in which the Letters of *Brutus* will refuse a comparison with those of his celebrated predecessour."

The curious and polite reader, if he will take the trouble to compare these letters with many passages in Mackenzie's Man of the World, Man of Feeling, Julia de Roubigné, and, above all, with the more serious and sentimental papers in the The Mirrour and The Lounger distinguished by the letters V I Z. will soon be convinced that Brutus is no other than the Scotch Addison, as Henry Mackenzie, Esq. has, with so much propriety, been denominated.

These letters, which may boast such a name for their authour, and which, for vivacity of description, and elegance of manner, are scarcely inferiour to Lord Lyttleton's, deserve preservation on account of their great rarity in America, as well as from their intrinsick merit, and the rank and the character of the persons, to whom they are addressed. They are nine in number, and will be published in The Port Folio *seriatim*. Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan are all minutely characterized, and in a very masterly manner; and there is a certain gentlemanlike air in the style of these elegant epistles, which denote an authour of courtesy as well as of sagacity, observation, and genius.

LETTER I.

To Lieutenant General Burgoyne.

SIR,

Every moralist has told us, that there are certain situations which try the conduct of men, which afford a criterion to judge of the strength of their understandings, and the goodness of their hearts. Of these the most unfavourable is supposed to be prosperity, which not only endangers the propriety of our conduct, but awakens that envy by which our conduct will be criticised. Misfortune, on the other hand, while it lessens our propensity to many vices and follies, produces in others that compassion from which slighter vices and follies find pardon and indulgence.

It has been your peculiar ill fortune, Sir, to meet with distressful and mortifying circumstances, which neither improved your mind, nor produced compassion for its weakness. Your own estimation of your abilities always kept pace with the proofs of your incapacity; and you claimed from the world its respect and applause, in moments when you should have left it to forget its contempt, or to retain its indifference. In the course of the disastrous war, in which you acted so conspicuous a part, it was one great cause of our national calamities, that publick shame was lost, and publick indignation seemed to be asleep; but you, Sir, came boldly forth to disclaim the one, and to provoke the other. Still, however, while you appeared to act but on the defensive, moderate and good-natured men were inclined to overlook your presumption; and, believing you to mean no harm, and to feel no malice, were contented to smile at your self-conceit, and left the trappings of your dignity and the tinsel of you language to decorate, or at least to shade your retirement.

But of late, Sir, you have ventured on several occasions to step into the field as a challenger, and to assume a tone of censure on the actions of others, which the easier disposition of other times had not been provoked to fasten upon yours. In the recent case of Captain Williams in particular, you took on yourself the character of an accuser and a judge; and, plumed in the experience of a soldier, ventured to pronounce his conduct to be *murther*. Did it never strike you, Sir, that any application could be made to yourself? or does the mention of military duty, on which you were so eloquent, touch no string that jars within you? If you are so blind to your own character; and if in that blindness you cease

to be inoffensive, I shall be justified in making you a little better acquainted with that sort of estimation in which you are held by the discerning part of the world.

That part of the world, indeed, did not augur much from the habits of your early life, or conceive that the idle and dissipated society of London could fit a man for performing the duties of a general, or bearing the hardships of a soldier. There were men, however, whose levity could smile even after the disaster of Saratoga, who observed that your education was not ill-suited to your circumstances; you had, at least, learned to bear the vicissitudes of fortune at the university of St. James-Street: where you had acquired your *style*, it was not so easy for them to determine, unless it might be supposed, from your early propensity to comedy, that you had borrowed it from a well-known character in Ben Jonson. But though generally very faithful in your comick imitations, you had, in this, somewhat departed from your model. Every body has admired the distinction that great authour has made between the style and deportment of his Bobadil in the insolence of prosperity, and under the pressure of mortification and disgrace. You suffered disgrace like Bobadil; but you did not, like him, abate the swell of your language. You told us the fate of that gallant army, which your blunders had led on to defeat and captivity, in the same pompous jargon with which you announced the early success which accident had gained you, of which, by a singular felicity of misconduct, you contrived to throw away all the advantage. Classical allusion is your *forte*, and the hackneyed quotation of

Pauper et exsul
Projicit ampullas et sesquepedalia verba,

could not but be familiar to you: but you were not in the predicament of the poor heroes of the poet; your poverty was only of the mind, your losses only those of reputation; with the insolence which often accompanies the first, and with that callousness of mind which the latter could not reach, you retained the *ampullas et sesquepedalia verba* still.

But men of more serious and considerate minds lamented your misfortunes as connected with those of your country, and pitied you when they thought how poignantly, on that account, you must feel them. They supposed you suffering every hardship incident to your ill-fated army, trebled to you by the reflection of having yourself been the principal cause of their disasters. They pictured you visiting the wounded, the sick, the dying, with all the anguish of the chief, as well as the sympathy of a man ministering assistance and comfort where you could, or at least affording them that consolation which soldiers always feel when their leader participates their distresses. What were our feelings when we saw you arrive in England! When we had understood that you had left your unhappy followers, the remains of that brave army which had so often bled under your command, starving on the barren frontiers of Virginia, while you lived daintily at the tables of your noble friends, displayed your white teeth, and read your little verses in the Ruelles of Pall-mall and Piccadilly, or enjoyed at your ease the "Green Delights" of the Oaks, which your sportive muse was then contriving to celebrate!

All this, Sir, admitted but of one palliation; that vacancy or dissipation of mind, which does not listen to the voice of honourable fame, or of honest censure. But in the late instance which I have mentioned above, you have shown that this was a mistake. You have stated yourself a critick in military duty, and laid down principles for its extent and regulation. But when, in your acrimonious charge against Captain Williams, you applied the word *murther* to the execution of a single villain like Mustapha, had you thought of any term to express the abandonment of

thousands of innocent Americans to the Indian tomahawk? Had you forgotten a proclamation, in which the only thing its bombastick obscurity left intelligible was the bloody proscription which it authorized? Poets have been often supposed to paint from their own resemblance, to transfuse their own sentiments into the persons of their dramas; thence I suppose it is, that we hear from you dissertations on humanity in war, and from your friend Mr. Sheridan eulogiums on publick integrity and economy.

The person who now addresses you, Sir, is no party-writer, and this is the first time he ever corresponded with a Newspaper; but *facit indignatio versus*. Amidst the quiet of his distant residence, he still feels for that country which your former temerity disgraced, and for that innocent individual, (as he in his conscience believes him) whom you would now sacrifice to the pride of your eloquence, or the virulence of your party. When the injustice of that party is loud enough to reach him in his retirement, he cannot help resenting it on behalf of the injured. He knows the ridiculousness of egotism almost as well as you, Sir; but he may be allowed to assume some importance for his sentiments when he knows them to be the sentiments of every worthy and respectable man in the country. If you or your friends again provoke his honest indignation, you may again hear from

BRUTUS.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

In the best romance that Cervantes, or perhaps any other authour ever invented, we are delighted with the ingenuity which Sancho displays in his curious capacity of Judge in the island Barataria. The following case, which has very recently occurred in the west of England, we think demanded the subtlety of a Sancho to decide. Indeed it should seem that a case, like this, would baffle the wisdom even of King Solomon. As we are constantly solicitous to amuse or inform our friends, the gentlemen of the bar, we recommend this singular article to their consideration. Without pretending to any skill in the niceties of form, or the history of precedent, we cannot help thinking, with some degree of obstinacy, that the action was erroneously commenced, and that the *Miller* ought not to have been the defendant. Will some of the learned in the law do us the favour to suggest how the action should have been brought, and how the Judge should have decided upon legitimate principles?

An indictment was tried at Huntington assizes, which excited no small degree of pleasantry as well as interest in the county; but the issue, perhaps, is the most singular that ever took place. It was an indictment against a miller for a nuisance for working his mill so near the common highways, as to endanger the lives of his Majesty's subjects, by frightening the horses, travelling on the road. The prosecutor is a clergyman, residing in the neighbourhood of Huntington, and is a man of considerable property and consequence in the county. The mill in question is an old erection, and stood, some time back, far out of the high road upon a common: but by a recent act of Parliament, the common has been inclosed, and the only road left, unfortunately for the miller, passes close under the fly of his mill. The prosecutor, it appears, was compelled to go this road, and the mill being at work as he passed, his horse took fright and threw him. This happened with almost every horse that passed the mill. Mr. Justice Grose addressed the jury and observed, that as the mill now stood it was unquestionably a nuisance, and the miller must be found guilty. It was, however, no fault of his, he could not move his mill; but the commissioners under the inclosure bill, who directed the road to be set out, were most to blame, and he regretted that they had not been parties to the indictment. Neither was the prosecutor to blame, in preferring the indictment. He could go no other way, since the inclosure, and his life, as well as those of his fellow-subjects travelling by the mill, was endangered, while the mill remained in its

present situation. Under such circumstances he felt himself wholly at a loss how to act: the miller ought not to be punished, for that he was innocent of, and yet the prosecutor's convenience and the publick safety must be consulted. He thought, however, that the best way of deciding would be to direct the prosecutor to pay the miller 40*l.* and the miller to abate the nuisance with leave to erect his mill on some convenient spot adjoining. This was, accordingly, made the judgment of the court.

This decision has caused much surprise in the county, as it is the first instance wherein a prosecutor has been made to pay a fine for obtaining justice.

The following anecdote so characteristick of Russian honesty, is taken from Storch's "Picture of Petersburgh;" and will, we presume, be gratifying to our readers.

In the little town of Oranienbaum lives a woman, bordering on ninety, by name Christopherevna, a native of Holstein. A little cottage is her sole possession, and the visits of a few shipmasters coming over from Cronstadt to go to Petersburgh by land, when the wind does not serve for sailing up, her only livelihood.

Several dutch skippers having one evening supped at her house, on their departure she found a sealed bag of money under the table. Her surprize at this unexpected discovery was naturally very great; some one of the company just gone must certainly have forgotten it; but they were sailed over to Cronstadt and perhaps at sea, the wind being fair, and therefore no hope of the guests returning. The good woman put up the bag in her cupboard to keep it till called for. However, nobody called for it. Full seven years did she carefully keep this deposit, often tempted by opportunities, still oftener pressed by want to employ this gift of chance. Her honesty, however, overcame every allurement of opportunity and every command of want. Seven years had elapsed when some shipmasters again stopped at her house, to take what refreshment they could find. Three of them were Englishmen, the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing of various matters, one of the former asked the Dutchman whether he had ever before been at Oranienbaum.—"Yes, sure I have," returned he, "I know the cursed place but too well; my being here once cost me seven hundred rubles." "How so!" "Why, in one of these wretched hovels here I once got rather tipsy and left behind me a bag of rubles."—"Was the bag sealed?" asked old Christophorevna, who was sitting in one corner of the room, and had been rouzed to attention by what she had heard.—"Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal here at my watch-chain."—The woman looked at the seal and knew it directly.—"Well then," said she, "by that you may be able to recover what you lost."—"Recover it, mother! no, I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest as that comes to. Besides, consider it is now seven years since.—I wish I had not mentioned it; it always makes me melancholy. Let us have no more of it. Give me another tumbler of punch, mother."

While the four gentlemen were engaged in drowning the remembrance of the doleful accident in punch, the good woman had slipt out, and was now waddling in with her bag.—"See here, perhaps you may be convinced that honesty is not so rare as you imagined," said she, putting the bag upon the table.

The guests were dumb with astonishment; and, on recollecting themselves, the reader may represent to himself their several expressions of commendation and gratitude. The four captains were all rather stricken in years, and had navigated the seas from Japan to Newfoundland and from the Cape of Good Hope to Archangel; had had dealings with black and brown faces, with woollyhaired and powdered heads—therefore, that

their amazement was so great, is certainly no panegyrick on our times.

Never were such strong emotions excited in any human mind, as in that of the Dutchman. From the firmest persuasion of his loss to the completest certainty of its recovery —the transition was too sudden and too great not to set every fibre of his phlegmatick body in vibration. One look at the honest woman to whom he was indebted for this transport of joy, brought him to himself. A sudden impulse of magnanimity overpowered him, to which all other sensations reverently gave way. He seized the bag, tore open the seal, took —one ruble out, and laid it on the table, with a civil thanksgiving for the trouble his hostess had had.

If the astonishment of the other three was great before, it was now effaced by a greater. They stood looking at one another for a minute, as silent as the grave.

"Dammee," at last exclaimed one of the Englishmen, striking his fist upon the table; "that bag there, my lad, you shall not carry off so. Devil fetch me, but the old woman shall have it!"—His two countrymen, who had been mute till now, added their hearty concurrence to his proposal. The Dutchman turned pale, but endeavoured to console himself by the reiterated protestations of Christophorevna that she required nothing at all, that she thought she had done no more than her duty, and insisted that the Dutchman should even take back his ruble. However the Britons could not so easily be brought to strike sail. The conversation grew warm; oaths followed rapidly on each other, and the fists of the Englishmen were doubling spontaneously, and attitudes forming for putting an end to the dispute *via facti:* during all which the Dutchman was striving to get the *corpus delicti* into his custody.

After long debate, conducted with various degrees of heat, perceiving no possibility of success against the sturdy arguments likely to be advanced, the skipper agreed to part with fifty rubles. The Englishmen insisted on a hundred. This proposal seemed to the Dutchman so unreasonable, that he declared he would sooner encounter the whole weight of their fists than comply with it.

"Avast, my lads!" cried the captain who had made the first attack upon the Dutchman's generosity. "I have somewhat to say. The bag does not belong to us. That is true; but a Briton will never stand by and not see justice done; and by h—— the woman here has acted nobly, and ought to be rewarded. Give me hold of the bag. I will count out the hundred rubles."

No sooner said than done. The Dutchman, thunderstruck at this summary way of proceeding, had not time to recover himself before the hundred rubles were fairly counted upon the table. This brought on a truce. Where humanity, gratitude, generosity and English fists had made the attack in vain, there conquered—national pride. The Dutchman insisted upon it, that the Britons should let him treat them; and in perfect stoical resignation parted with a hundred of his beloved, long-lamented and lately recovered rubles.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

Ode on the death of a favourite cat.

After acknowledging the imperfections to be observed in the conduct of this poem, we may listen with pleasure to Mr. Wakefield's comments on the verbal and other particular beauties, and to his collection of passages, called by them to recollection. In passing, we may observe that one other fault may be imputed:—that of the neglect to inform us that the cat finally perished! an important part of the relation, which we learn only from the title. The poet leaves her *mewing to every watery god.*

Gaz'd on the lake—

"It is a proof of no ordinary skill thus to confer dignity on so trivial a subject; and the same dexterity is conspicuous throughout the ode. A happy exertion of this talent has eminently distinguished Virgil, Boileau, and Pope."

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
Her fair round face, her snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and em'rald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Her conscious tail—

"The accuracy and elegance of the description in this stanza must be universally allowed; and the difficulty of such description is always proportionate to the simplicity and notoriety of the subject:

Sibi quivis
Sperat idem; sudet multum frustraque laboret,
Ausus idem."

Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide
Two angel-forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

Still had she gaz'd—

"I will not take upon me to decide between the fine fancy and the delicately curious expression of this stanza. They are both admirable in their kind, and cannot be exceeded."

Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple, to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

'A selection of exquisite terms, combined with singular felicity. Milton expresses a similar idea with great success:

The field all iron cast a *gleaming* brown.
Par. Reg. III, 326.

——*fluctuat* omnis
Ære renidente tellus.
Virg. Geo. I.

But Mr. Wakefield had in his eye a beautiful description of a flower in the Georgicks:

Aureus ipse; sed in foliis, quæ plurima circum,
Funduntur, violæ sublucet purpura nigræ.
IV, 274.

Itself of golden hue; but the thick leaves
Through a dark purple, shoot a violet gleam.

I should not obtrude my own version of these passages, upon the reader, were not our poetical translations generally execrable to the last degree.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish;
She stretched in vain to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise,
What cat's averse to fish!

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between;
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled,
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send;
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold;
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold.

'*The hapless Nymph* with wonder saw.'

Impartiality obliges us to acknowledge that this and the concluding stanza are very much inferiour to the rest of the Ode, and altogether unworthy of the elegance and taste of Mr. Gray. Of that which immediately follows, Mr. W. observes, 'This stanza will almost compensate the mediocrity of the preceding. The idea of "Malignant FATE sat by and smiled," is finely imagined and extremely poetical.'

From hence——

'This is a grammatical impropriety, perpetually found in our best English writers, ancient and modern. *Hence* is *from this*, and *thence, from that*; therefore, *from hence* and *from thence* are downright nonsense.

'Dr. Johnson's strictures upon this Ode are much more just than any of his other observations on our poet. "In the first stanza," says he, '*the azure flowers that blow*,' "show resolutely a rhyme is sometimes made, when it cannot easily be found." This is too true, and I had passed the same censure before I knew of this coincidence. Our critick, however, exposes himself to reproof from the manner in which he has conveyed his severe remark: *show a rhyme is sometimes made*. This omission of the relative, a too common practice with our writers, is an impropriety of the grossest kind, and which *neither gods nor men*, as one expresses himself, nor any language under heaven, can endure.

'The rest of his strictures it were painful to transcribe, and vain to contradict;

If wrong, we kiss the rod.

'The Ode, upon the whole, is certainly a pleasing effusion of sportive fancy; but will not bear the probe of a fastidious and angry critick. Criticism indeed does but disgrace herself by assailing such a bagatelle. It is an eagle stooping at a sparrow, or a lion roaring at a frog.'

The four latter stanzas may be allowed to merit the slight cast upon them by Mr. Wakefield, because they are without those graces of diction which recommend those which precede them, and without which all poetry is but a mean and tedious jingle. On the other hand, the verse

Malignant Fate sat by and smiled,

is to be praised for the vigour of the image, the tendency of which is to give that elevation to the argument, which, throughout the composition, is desired; and to this it should be added that the third stanza is far from being deficient in spirit.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

Under this head having often amused our readers and ourselves with curious articles at the expense of English or American advertisers, we shall now publish some oddities of this nature from the French Journals. At Paris, we are assured, on the respectable authority of Mr. Pinkerton, that there are three or four offices *for marriages*; and large sheets are pasted up in publick places, containing advertisements to this effect.

"The mother of two charming children, a boy and a girl, to whom she has given a good education, now drawing near the term of life, wishes before that period to see them joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, but chiefly the young lady, for whom she wishes to find a husband of character; and a bachelor would be preferred, between the age of thirty and forty, of a mild and religious turn, irreproachable conduct, and an income between four and five thousand francs a year. The lady is twenty-four years of age, of an elegant person and agreeable countenance, and a serious and solid character. Her fortune consists in thirty-six thousand francs of patrimonial inheritance, free of all debts; with almost as much more on the death of her mother. The son is five years older, with an equal fortune, and an honourable situation."

"An amiable lady, entering into the autumn of her age, of a lively disposition, good education, and irreproachable manners; now at the head of an establishment adapted to her sex, and worth between twenty-five and thirty thousand francs; wishes to marry a bachelor aged between forty and fifty, with a revenue between three and four thousand francs, health, and good morals."

"A lady of twenty-seven years of age, of irreproachable conduct, and an education above her situation in life, which, without being unhappy, nevertheless obliges her to have recourse to her talents for a decent subsistence, yet, having withal, some neat furniture, and some sparings from her gains, desires to unite her destiny by the religious bonds of ma-

trimony to that of a man of sense, of a mild character, who has some employment or trade, independent of a wife. His age would be a matter of complete indifference."

—

"A young lady, in the spring of her age, living with her father who has no other child, desires to be united in marriage to a bachelor of mature age, who unites a decent income to a person full of health. The lady is of most agreeable appearance, and possesses, in the second degree of perfection, vocal and instrumental musick. Her father will leave her an income of between two and three thousand francs."

—

"A lady aged thirty, without father or mother, mistress of a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand francs, consisting in three inheritances, in the most agreeable of which she dwells, nine leagues from Paris, on the banks of the Seine, wishes to be united to a bachelor, of an extremely mild and polite character, capable of attachment and attentions to a woman of whom Nature has neglected the personal attractions, and has even afflicted with deafness, but endowed with a feeling soul and a generous spirit. Nor would she propose, in contracting the sacred bonds of marriage, to purchase the complaisance and cares of her husband, but would only ally herself with one who could prove a decent existence, a distinguished family, and education more solid than brilliant, morals, and religion, of an age between thirty-five and forty-five."

—

"A lady aged thirty-two, but who might pass for twenty-seven, having a plump and fresh person, a widow without children, with education, morals, and possessing some agreeable talents, desires to be united to a batchelor aged between thirty-five and forty-two, of a tolerable exterior, and good health, with at least five thousand francs of patrimonial income in the neighbourhood of Paris. This lady, not liking the climate where an honourable employment fixed her late husband, has since realized her fortune, which amounts to one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, which she means to lay out in land."

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For the Port Folio.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(*Continued from page* 236.)

Cæsar had talents sufficient to have recommended him to the notice of posterity, independent of his powers of writing. Born with the greatest activity of mind, and left an orphan in his early youth, he sought his resources in his own abilities. With a keen sense of honour, and an ardent love of fame and eminence, he was alive in every pursuit, and aspired at perfection in every thing he studied. He succeeded so well in oratory as to compete with Cicero. He attempted tragick poetry not without success, and committed his own transactions to memory. Some great geniuses seem to be privileged from the rules that apply to ordinary men, who think themselves happy if they can succeed in any one pursuit. But Cæsar grasped at every kind of eminence, and his endeavours were, in a great measure, successful. He figured at once as a scholar, an oratour, a grammarian, a poet, and a soldier. He contended with Cicero in eloquence, and wrote against Cato in politicks. He was a man of pleasure in the most criminal sense of the phrase, without deserting the object of his ambition. He endeavoured to make all his studies, friendships, amusements, exercises, and connexions to the plan he had formed of acquiring the absolute dominion of his country. He made use of the forms of the Roman constitution to ruin that very constitution, and by the spoils he gained in war, he bribed the Roman senate-people to continue him so long in command as to attach his soldiers to himself instead of the Republick, and prepare them for invading their country under his command.

It was a delicate task, no doubt, to narrate the exploits of Cæsar, and though in general he has obtained the praise of candour, yet he was not above the weakness of endeavouring to disguise his ill success. It is believed that he was repulsed in his first attack on Britain, and he relates a disappointment he met with in Gaul, rather in a defective manner. His cotemporaries suspected that he was too credulous of the reports of others, and disguised some cir-

cumstances in his own favour. Cæsar styles his account of his transactions Commentaries or Memorandums, having a higher notion of the dignity of history than what he thought belonged to them. But Suetonius having observed that this conduct of Cæsar, might gratify impertinent authours who might think of adorning his narrative, that he has effectually frightened all wise men from trying the task after him. *Ineptis gratum fortasse fecit, qui volunt ea calamistris inurere, sanos quidem homines et scribendo detinuit.*

Cæsar's style is perspicuous, brief, and strong, though sometimes his sentences are long and complex. When we consider the readiness with which Cæsar wrote, the active nature of his life, and the variety of business in which he was engaged, we may justly admire his success in composition, which would have done honour to a solitary student who had nothing else to mind. In speaking of himself Cæsar uses the third person and preserves great modesty, and does not even compliment himself in the person of others. On the contrary he relates what must have given no small pain to himself at the time. A Gallick chief was asked by Cæsar, what of all things his countrymen were most afraid of, expecting, no doubt, to be told that it was himself, and the Roman arms. But the crafty Gaul suspecting his intention, and not having learned those arts of flattery for which his countrymen have been since so famous, replied, that what the Gauls most of all feared, was lest the Heavens should fall down upon them. By this reply, he disappointed Cæsar of a compliment which he reckoned himself sure of, and as the conference was publick he must have felt it the more sensibly.

Some commentators would have us believe that only the Commentaries on the War in Gaul are the work of Cæsar, and that Hirtius composed the Narrative of the Civil and Alexandrian War, but those that read both attentively will find little reason to believe that they are of a different authour from the first.

Perhaps the Commentaries of Cæsar are usually put too early into the hands of youth, before their understanding is fit to comprehend the beauties of his narrative, or the subjects of which he treats. But, if in a more advanced period of their studies, they would look back to it, they would find that their first reading was superficial, and that Cæsar is an authour not so fit for boys as for men.

Cornelius Nepos is by some supposed to be abridged and vitiated by one Æmelius Probus in the decline of the empire, as Trogus Pompeius was by Justin.

Nepos was cotemporary with Cæsar and Catullus, and was the person to whom that poet dedicated his works. *Quoi dono lepidum novum libellum? Corneli, tibi, namque tu solebas meas esse aliquid putare Nugas.* The inferiority of the Latin to the age of Augustus, and the character of Nepos, is what leads the criticks into a suspicion of forgery and vitiation. He relates briefly the lives and characters of a number of illustrious men among the Greeks, and two noble Romans. Those who suspect that this authour is mutilated, acknowledge the authenticity of the life of Atticus, which we find frequently in copies of Cicero's works, together with Sallust's invective against that oratour.

The difference of the Greek and Roman manners is most discernible in these short lives. It is noticed by the authour himself, and perhaps it was with the view of comparing them, that he added two Romans to his Greeks. The perspicuity, however, of this book, whether genuine or forged, its brevity, and the nature of the subjects it treats, render it exceeding proper for youth to awaken their curiosity, inform their judgment, and lead them to the admiration and imitation of those virtues that have rendered the persons here treated of, the admiration of mankind.

(*To be continued.*)

BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Betterton, not less celebrated for his merit as a tragedian than for his conduct in private life, was the son of an under-cook to Charles I, and born in Tothill-street, Westminster, 1635. Young Betterton was apprenticed to a bookseller, but became an actor, under sir William D'Avenant, during the sour times of the Usurpation. In the reign of Charles II, which has been termed "the reign of pleasure," he shone with a lustre that had never been equalled. That monarch fixing upon him to improve the theatre, despatched him to France for that purpose. In consequence, the arras, or tapestry, gave place to sliding scenes. As manager of the Duke of York's theatre, he took the lead, and so vigorously opposed the king's, that at last the latter sued for and obtained a coalition; and there he remained, the object of universal admiration and re-

gard, from the monarch to the populace; when the managers (secure, as they thought, in power) introduced uninformed persons to supersede the most eminent actors, the publick so highly resented it that a new theatre was erected in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and encouraged by William III; but the writers for the stage, not the players, prevailing, another was built in the Haymarket, where age and infirmities only prevented Betterton from accepting the principal management. The history of the stage is so interwoven with Mr. Betterton's life, that they are inseparable. He fell a martyr to repellents, taken to enable him to act Melantius, in the Maid's Tragedy, and died April 25, 1710, and was buried in the Cloisters of Westminster-abbey on the 2d May. The most cheerful of men, yet never deviating from propriety a moment: the friend, adviser, and patron of youth, he won their regard by his manner of warning them to avoid dangers that must be ruinous. When he lost his all, in an adventure at sea with Dr. Ratcliffe, not a murmur escaped him. He was so far from reproaching the person who led him into the scheme, that when he died, in distressed circumstances, Mr Betterton, adopted his daughter, educated and supported her in life, until she married. When Betterton felt the of want money, after 50 years service, the managers gave him a benefit (then unusual), and the actors and the publick sowell seconded them, that it procured him 500*l*. An annual benefit was proposed, but he died just before the anniversary. Mrs. Saunderson, whom he married, is generally believed to have been the first female that appeared on the English stage, and conducted herself through life, both in publick and private, with great prudence and decorum. She was an actress of great talents. She could not support the loss of so much excellence: her reason forsook her; but she recovered it a short time preceding her death. Queen Anne allowed her 100*l*. per annum, but she did not live to receive more than the two first quarters. Crowne's Masque of Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph, was acted at Court by the desire of Queen Catharine, in which the ladies Mary and Anne, afterwards sovereigns, performed. The young noblemen were instructed by Mr. and the princesses by Mrs. Betterton; and the former was the prompter when it was acted.

—

Dr. Burnet was a native of Scotland, and is universally known by his writings. In profession a prelate, a dissenter in sentiment. An enthusiast for liberty, he wished William and Mary to claim their right by conquest. Endowed with most of the requisites for an historian, yet his style is careless, his assertions often fabulous, his characters frequently distorted. To protect Protestantism against Popery, there was no character, however infamous, he would not defend, and sometimes he disguised real excellencies, only because they were opposite in sentiments to the mode he had adopted. He seemed more desirous to fly from the religion and government of the Stuarts than to adopt real liberty, and that fine model of Christian rule as practised in the Church. Never did priest more forget his profession than Burnet in becoming a statesman. He had great learning, but little elegance of style; and more sense than genius, more industry than brilliancy. No labour was too great, no difficulty too "big" for him. He was wise and weak; amiable, but absurd. To him we are indebted for much of our liberty and many of our laws. In publick life often highly blameable; in private life ever respectable. He despised wealth, yet was prudent; nor did he abuse his power. Rancorous to "Papists," he was a philanthropist to all others. Exemplary as an ecclesiastick, but faulty as a politician. Candour waited with patience till Religion declared in his favour; Royalty seemed neutral, but Commerce exclaimed that the na-

tional bank originated with him; the scale of Justice determined in his favour, and he departed from the trial supported by Religion and Wealth; but Liberty and Loyalty disdained to hold his train. He retained the See of Salisbury from 1689 to his death, which occurred March 17, 1714–5, aged 71. His remains were interred in St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, London. Dr. Burnet was extravagantly fond of tobacco and writing; to enjoy both, at the same time, he perforated the broad brim of his large hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed again. He was proverbially absent. He asked, earnestly asked, to dine with Prince Eugene, when entertained by Marlborough: "Bishop, you know how absent you are; will you be accurate?"—"Your Grace may depend upon it."—The Prince observing a dignified ecclesiastick at table, inquired of the Bishop whether "he was ever in Paris."—"Yes, I was there when the Princess ——, was taken up on suspicion of poisoning—." Now this lady was the mother of the Prince. Recollecting the affinity when too late, he retired, covered with confusion, as if it had been a "wrapper withal." Burnet and South were in opposite church interests. Dr. Henry Bagshaw, canon of Durham, after a long absence coming to London, said to his old fellow collegiate South, "Robin-what is the character of Bishop Burnet on the Articles?—"Why, Harry, he has served the church of England just as the Jews did St. Paul, given her forty stripes save one."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

ODE—from HAFIZ.

Boy, bring the cups, and place to all around,
With sparkling wine the thirsty goblets fill,
A cure for lover's pain in them is found,
And wine is remedy for ev'ry ill.

Like the bright god of day is glowing wine,
And like the pale-fac'd orb of night, the bowl,
Haste! bring the Moon, that she may with us shine,
And round the splendid Sun a circle roll.

Fill high the liquid flame, enjoy the hour,
Let roses fade, their beauties will not dwell,
Forget they wither, for the wine we pour
Can all the roses of the world excel.

And should the warblings of the nightingale
No more with melody enchant the soul,
Soon let us cease her lost notes to bewail,
And hear the musick of the passing bowl.

Should Fortune frown, (who once appear'd thy friend)
And deaf to pray'rs refuse thy fervent suit,
Cast every grief aside, and then attend
The sound harmonious of the well-strung lute.

When sleep o'ercomes my now half-closed eyes,
I'll see my fair one, dream I taste her kiss,
Fill high again! pour, pour the wine I prize
To haste the moment of expected bliss.

For each mad act, when Frenzy seized my soul
The surest remedy my friends e'er found
Was wine: replenish then my thirsty bowl
Till every sense in rosy wine be drown'd.

Again fill to the sparkling goblet's brim,
Heed not the censor, nor the railing crowd,
Approve or disapprove, alike to him,
Hafiz will drink forbidden or allowed.

S.

For The Port Folio.

INSCRIBED TO D. H. R., YALE COLLEGE.

For Sept. 4th 1807.

Sleep! Blackstone, sleep!
To thee, alone, O Harp, I give this day,
Freely to keep
The second annual of thy natal lay.

Wake, fairy string,
Come weave a chaplet of September flowers,
And with them fling
A smiling farewell to the parting hours.

Dance, soul of love,
For lo! Hygeia's gallant hopes arrive;
Sing in the grove,
And bid the dying year awake and live.

In Fall's array,
A Spring like Nature's morning blooms anew,
Some brighter day,
With blush divine adorns th' ethereal blue.

Sing soul of love,
And pour thy pulses through the living lays;
This weight remove
That longs to burst in gratitude and praise.

O, smiling Health!
Thine are the raptures of this world of care:
Without thee, wealth,
Love, and the boasts of life, are all despair.

But now, how sweet,
(E'en as the captive freed from years of chains)
Like Sylph to fleet
Adown the valleys and along the plains.

The mountain high,
With bounding step unwearily to climb;
And in the sky,
To flash the thought o'er Nature's blue sublime:

While the moon, pale,
The gates of her enchanted morn unbars;
Like nightingale,
Sing to her smiles, and serenade the stars;

Till mists of night,
In snowy billows from the lakes unfurl'd,
Swell on the sight,
And in their mighty folds embrace the world.

I seem to haste
By hand unknown, from cloud to cloud along,
And through the waste,
Bursts the full soul in ecstasy of song.

From Northern realms,
Come sighing Autumn, with thy rustling wings,
Shake these broad elms,
And drive their faded leaves in airy rings.

In nightly stealth,
Glide o'er the mead and pinch the forest brown:
Still careless Health
Sings to thy rage, and smiles to see thee frown.

My vagrant path
Shall wind along the dell and russet copse,
And brave thy wrath
On the wild mountains' blue fantastick tops.

When all thy ire
Roars eddying o'er the earth the livelong day,
By cheerful fire,
With harp and book I'll sooth the storms away.

Then Winter haste,
And hurl, with savage howl, thy snow and sleet;
Shout o'er the waste,
And chase the curling smoke of my retreat.

Still the heart sings!
For Health walks forth the loveliest of forms,
And round her flings
The charm of life o'er snowy hills, and storms.

CARLOS.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL avowed himself no enthusiast in favour of Bloomfield; neither am I, but still my approbation is not overcoloured in the following.

To Robert Bloomfield.

From roaring wars,
From valour panting o'er the bloody plain,
From wounds and scars,
From broken armour and from heaps of slain;

From massy stones,
Which swell memorial of a victor's name;
From bleaching bones,
And tow'rs that totter o'er departed fame:

From ghastly tales,
Of deeds mysterious done in castles old;
Of lonely wails,
And bell at dead of night by spectres toll'd:

Of solemn strain,
By voices from beyond the grave was sung;
Of taper's wane;
And echo shudd'ring distant vaults among:

Away from these
The soul disgusted at its horrour turns;
Seeks the soft breeze
And all the pleasures thou hast carol'd learns.

The fairy year
Bright in thy lay before his vision stands,
And through a tear
A smile looks forth along his native lands.

Spring's blooming green,
And all the rural joys of hill and dell,
Each happy scene
I see so often and I love so well;

Thy gentle lay
Adorns in robes as lillies chaste and sweet,
Mild as the day
And rich in moral as the sheaf in wheat.

Thou first hast dar'd
To sing of Nature's charms, in native strain,
The sweet reward
Of Virtue's love and praise shall be thy gain.

When loftier lines
Shall sleep forgotten in their kindred dust,
When ruin shrines
'The monarch's palace and the hero's bust:'

Thy native lays
A page shall win from poets more sublime,
And rob'd in bays
Shall smile along the weary lapse of time.

No more weak ire
Shall mock the worth too pure for vitious taste,
But all admire
The bard by Nature taught, by Virtue grac'd.

CARLOS.

For The Port Folio.

On the great Solar Eclipse,

June 16, 1806.

Behold! e'en at mid-day, when pure the air,
And scarce a cloud obscures the hemisphere,
All Nature smiling in her robes of green,
The Sun withdraws his glory, and the Moon
Whose friendly beams conduct the traveller,
And turn, sometimes, almost the night to day,
Now intercepts those solar rays that yield
Her borrowed splendour; as if envying now
The Sun's superiour power, she intervenes
And turns our day to night.

Behold the scene—
Gradual it darkens. As the solar disk
Grows more obscure, a melancholy hue
Involves the face of things. The chill of night
Pervades the atmosphere. From west to east
The darkness moves along, tillo'er the Sun
The dusky veil is drawn. No longer lost
Amid the *blaze of day*, the stars peep forth.
All Nature seems reversed.

Astonish'd man
Believes and trembles! E'en brutal herd
Suspend their wonted search for food, and gaze
In wild disorder at the mid-day night.
The feather'd tribes to their close coverts hie—
A solemn pause, a dread suspense pervades
The living world, confounded to behold
Darkness at noon!

How awful and sublime
The scene appears! as if old Night had spread
Her curtain in the west—then all at once
Involved the skies—shut out the light of day!
But while the Moon obscures the orb of light,
See round her sides a silvery lustre gleam,
And twilight skirt the whole horizon round.

Now darkness closes round in eastern skies,
While in the west the light advances on,
Till on a sudden, like the lightning's blaze
The Sun darts forth, though partially, his beams,
And by degrees resumes his regal state.
Earth smiles afresh—the face of Nature seems
To gain new beauty from her late eclipse.
O, man!
Let not thy thoughts on such a scene
Be spent in idle curiosity:
Think on that *dark*, that awful hour, when CHRIST
Expired on Calvary to rescue thee!
Think on *thy* coming doom! the fatal hour
When *total darkness* shall enshroud thine eyes!
Think on the time foretold—the stars shall fall—
The SUN be dark—the Moon no longer shine—
'The earth itself dissolve, and like a scroll'
The Heavens shall pass away——such is their doom!

Then let us bow before the POWER SUPREME,
Which makes and crushes worlds! revere his power,
Beseech his grace to cleanse our guilty souls,
That when th' Archangel's trump shall wake the dead,
We may be raised in glory, to behold
New earth and heavens, and sing the Saviour's praise
Through endless ages in the realms of light.

L.

For The Port Folio.

Though sad the strain that sickness prompts to sing,
It floats to me on Mem'ry's busy wing.
A year has roll'd its hasty hours away,
Since Fate hung trem'lous on my infant day;
It wrapt my cheerful home in nightly gloom,

Stole every smile, and kiss'd off childhood's bloom;
Careless of hope, I saw the friendly tear,
And wond'ring asked, how came the truant there?
The stifled sigh, on holy Silence borne,
Was Sadness' self, e'en Echo seemed to mourn,
But my cold heart no kind response could give,
Though on a sigh, reviving hope might live.
The gentle knock upon the wicker door,
The tiptoe movement o'er our cottage floor,
My anxious mother and the sorrowing train,
Who smil'd with me or gambol'd on the plain,
My favourite cur, companion of my way,
To walk at dawn or frolick in the play,
Were all to Mem'ry lost indifferently,
To friendly sorrow or a parent's sigh.
Ah could but Mem'ry catch the goblin train
That sometimes frolick'd in my sicken'd brain,
That fancied realms, not cheer'd by summer gales
Where senses slumber, and where reason fails,
My varied strains would dance along the line,
The Sylph-like visions of the plastick vine,
But soon these listless hours sped fast away,
And blooming health stole gently o'er decay.
The flowers that closed with spring's retiring sun,
And 'neath the nightly dew dependant hung,
Regain'd at earliest dawn their roseate hue,
And borrow'd smiles e'en from the chilling dew,
Then sweet the joy that filled the parent's breast!
The village smil'd, Tray frolick'd with the rest,
The heart-felt prayer was borne on every gale,
The pipe and dance new gladden'd all the vale.

—

For The Port Folio.

Of the beautiful passage of Catullus, *Ut flos in septis secretis nascitur hortis*, &c. I have seen many translations, with none of which was I perfectly pleased. Nor can I declare myself entirely satisfied with the following. Perhaps, however, the justness of the sentiment may atone for the want of elegance in the translation. Accept the assurance of my respect and esteem.

Like some fair flower, within a garden born,
By herds unseen, by no rude ploughshare torn,
Which zephyrs fan, the sun's mild rays endue,
With sweets untasted, and with varied hue,
While vernal showers and summer rains but serve
To deck with vigour and its strength preserve;
It breathes its fragrance round by all admir'd,
By virgins sought for and by swains desired;
Torn from its stem, its sweets, alas, are flown,
It falls forgotten and expires unknown.
So the chaste maid who uncorrupt remains,
In love still triumphs and with virtue reigns;
But should she, hapless, that fair flower neglect,
Nor be with virtue as with beauty deck'd,
How far she falls! alas, no more to rise,
The swains neglect her, and her sex despise.

ASTOLPHO.

—

For The Port Folio.

IMPROMPTU

To a Young Lady playing.

If now Timotheus were alive,
Again in musick's art to strive,
To you who well deserve the prize,
The crown would soon be given,
For while with ease and grace you play,
Each earthly thought is charm'd away,
You seem an angel to our eyes,
We think ourselves in heaven.

S.

—

EPIGRAM *on a left-handed Writing-Master.*

Though Nature thee of thy right hand bereft
Right well thou writest with the hand that's left.

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